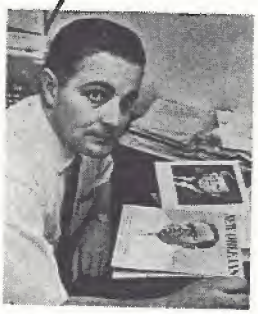
Top of the Week

Old acquaintance: Whitney Young, Newsweek's Goldman

Which Way for the Negro Now? PAGE 27

For five years—from the Ole Miss riot to the brink of the latest long, hot summer—Newsweek's **Peter Goldman** has chronicled the Negro revolution. Now, General Editor Goldman finds the Movement in crisis—its leaders fragmented, its black followers restive, its white allies increasingly alienated. This week's cover—ranging the spectrum of Negro leadership from black-power broker Stokely Carmichael to the Urban League's button-down Whitney Young—is itself symbolic; no one man can any longer be said to speak with authority for Negro America. Goldman talked at length with Young on a Southern field tour. Reporters **Ruth Ross** in New York and **Martin Kupfer** in Chicago interviewed the other top leaders while other correspondents surveyed the state of the Movement for Goldman's thirteenth civil-rights cover story. (Cover photos, clockwise from the top, by Joe Covello—Black Star; Matt Herron—Black Star; Lawrence Fried; Covello; Flip Schulke—Black Star.)



The 'Plot' to Kill JFK PAGE 36

The speculation, accusation and innuendo sparked by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison to prove a "conspiracy" in the Kennedy assassination has included intimidation of witnesses and—according to evidence turned up by Newsweek's **Hugh Aynesworth** (left)—actual bribery by Garrison investigators. Aynesworth reported the assassination of the President, the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald and the Jack Ruby trial. Now, after five weeks in New Orleans, he examines the "plot" to kill John F. Kennedy.

How to De-escalate the War

As the debate on Vietnam policy intensifies in Washington (page 25), it sometimes seems that there are but two alternatives—withdraw or escalate. But other possibilities do exist, writes Senior Editor **Arnaud de Borchgrave** (page 43), who proposes construction of a barrier zone from the South China Sea to the Thai-Laotian border.

Lunching in New York PAGE 60

For Manhattan's more elegant female set, lunch is less for eating and more a way of life, reports Assistant Editor **Ainslie Dinwiddie**, and certain restaurants are the places. Her story on the lunching circuit is illustrated by Lawrence Fried's color pictures.

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recommends rehabilitation and the Secretary of the Army accepts its finding, the American Legion plans to have the body taken to Montana and reburied with all military honors in the national cemetery at the site of Custer's Last Stand. There, at long last, Maj. Marcus Reno would join forces with the fabled men of the old Seventh Cavalry.

NEW HAMPSHIRE:

Northern Hospitality

Sojourner George C. Wallace flew north once again last week, this time to New England, and after bouncing off his chartered Convair at Concord, N.H., the Presidential hopeful said he was still undecided whether to try his luck in the state's primary. For the moment, the assistant governor of Alabama insisted he had brought his campaign team to New Hampshire mainly "to put our ear to the ground." As it turned out, the little ex-governor got an earful.

Screaming, hissing, stomping and cursing, hecklers at Dartmouth College stirred up one of the nastiest protests that Wallace has yet encountered on his northern forays—more bitter by far than the demonstration he met a week earlier in Syracuse (NEWSWEEK, May 8), and more unruly, said Dartmouth observers, than any disorder on that usually staid campus in the last generation.

Virtual pandemonium broke out in Dartmouth College auditorium as soon as Wallace—the invited guest of The Daily Dartmouth editors—took his place behind the podium. Sarcastic banners waved wildly ("George, can you walk on water too?"), and students—led by members of the Afro-American Society—set up an incessant rumbling chant: "Wallace is a racist . . . Wallace is a racist." Wallace tried to speak during the lulls. But nearly everything he said drew gibes.

Hustled Off: The demonstration reached a 'near-riotous peak when roughly a score of sign-bearing protesters marched menacingly down the aisle toward the stage—heralded by a voice yelling from the balcony: "They're coming to lynch you, Wallace!" The group was intercepted by university cops while Wallace was hustled off the stage by his own bodyguards.

Later, outside, hundreds of students surrounded Wallace's car, rocked it and dented the roof. With Wallace trapped inside, it took the police half an hour to clear a path for the automobile through a milling throng of 2,000.

Dartmouth officials could scarcely have been more embarrassed. Dean Thaddeus Seymour immediately wired apologies. Wallace himself wrote off the Dartmouth experience with a wry remark. "Academic freedom like that," he said, "can get you killed."

District Attorney Garrison: Who were the real plotters in New Orleans?

THE JFK 'CONSPIRACY'

What lies behind New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's increasingly notorious investigation of a "plot" to kill John F. Kennedy? To find out, NEWSWEEK *sent a veteran reporter, who covered the assassination and its aftermath, to New Orleans for five weeks. His account follows.*

by Hugh Aynesworth

Jim Garrison is right. There has been a conspiracy in New Orleans—but it is a plot of Garrison's own making. It is a scheme to concoct a fantastic "solution" to the death of John F. Kennedy, and to make it stick; in this cause, the district attorney and his staff have been indirect parties to the death of one man and have humiliated, harassed and financially gutted several others.

Indeed, Garrison's tactics have been even more questionable than his case. I have evidence that one of the strapping D.A.'s investigators offered an unwilling "witness" $3,000 and a job with an airline—if only he would "fill in the facts" of an alleged meeting to plot the death of the President. I also know that when the D.A.'s office learned that this entire bribery attempt had been tape-recorded, two of Garrison's men returned to the "witness" and, he says, threatened him with physical harm.

Another man who spent many hours with District Attorney Garrison in a vain attempt to dissuade him from his assassination-conspiracy theory has twice been threatened—once by one of the D.A.'s own "witnesses," the second time by Garrison himself. Others—Cuban exiles, convicts, drug addicts, homosexuals, bums—have been hounded in more subtle ways. For most of Garrison's victims are extremely vulnerable men. Some are already paying for their vulnerability. Chief among them is Clay L. Shaw, the New Orleans businessman-socialite, who now faces trial on a charge of conspiring to kill the President.

How did it all begin?

Garrison first became earnestly interested in the Kennedy assassination when he and Louisiana Sen. Russell Long rode side by side on an airplane bound for New York. Long said he had never actually believed the Warren commission report, that he still had doubts. Garrison later told me that he immediately decided that if such an important man thought there was something odd about the case, it was time to start digging.

Cleanup: Garrison is known in New Orleans as a smart operator, a bit unorthodox, but nobody's fool. He made his name by cleaning up his old haunt—the French Quarter—and putting a temporary halt to B-girl practices and lewd dancing in its gaudy strip joints. Later, he amazed the whole city by accusing eight criminal judges of taking too many days off and of winking at Mafia activity. But although the judges sued him for libel, Garrison's right to criticize the judiciary was finally upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. Thus, when he first announced his "conspiracy" case, most New Orleanians believed that "Big Jim must have something."

What Garrison had to start with was a colorfully pathetic "suspect" named David Ferrie. A onetime airline pilot, Ferrie had been questioned shortly after the

assassination on the basis of a tip that he was Oswald's "getaway pilot." But the tipster was an alcoholic who later admitted that he had made up the story.

Despite his clean bill of health from the FBI and Secret Service, Ferrie became the center of Garrison's investigation. He was questioned for hours, "tailed" and subjected to polygraph tests. His acquaintances were quizzed. By February, word had leaked out of Garrison's office that Ferrie was soon to be arrested and charged with the conspiracy of conspiracies. Through it all Ferrie called the D.A.'s investigation a "farce" and told friends he would sue Garrison if he were arrested. But as the weeks wore on, Ferrie, not a strong or stable man under the best of circumstances, began to show the strain. Then, suddenly on Feb. 22, he died—of a massive cerebral hemorrhage.

Suicide: Garrison crowed that Ferrie's death was "an apparent suicide" and he warned that same week: "We know who the rest of them are. The only way they are going to get away from us is to kill themselves." A week after Ferrie's death, Garrison ruefully admitted to me in his home, "Yeah, we helped kill the son of a bitch."

Shortly after Ferrie's fortuitous death, Garrison proclaimed that he had "solved" the President's assassination; that he knew the individuals involved, the cities and other details of the "plot." Arrests would be forthcoming, and convictions too. "Don't bet against us," the district attorney warned.

Two days later, a crucial "witness" miraculously appeared. Perry Raymond Russo, a 25-year-old insurance salesman from nearby Baton Rouge, claimed that he had known David Ferrie well and that Ferrie had once said President Kennedy should have been killed for his bungling of the Bay of Pigs disaster. Garrison assigned former boxer Andrew J. Sciambra, 31, one year out of law school, to interview Russo. After his first conversation with Russo, Sciambra filed a 3,500-word memo in which he failed to mention anything about an assassination plot.

Ideal Witness: But later, after being given "truth serum" (sodium pentothal) and being prompted, Russo testified at length in a pretrial hearing about a key "conspiracy" meeting held in Ferrie's apartment which also supposedly involved Clay Shaw and Lee Harvey Oswald. Russo seemed to be the ideal witness. He was cool, calm—"almost as if he was hypnotized," said one attorney. Lo and behold, the defense later discovered that Russo *had* been hypnotized—just hours before he testified. Russo told the court he had stood around in the apartment and listened while Ferrie, Oswald and Shaw hatched their "plot." He could recall phrases like "availability of exits," "diversionary tactics," and "triangulation of cross fire." Russo offered a variety of unconvincing reasons why he had never mentioned the meeting to anyone before.

Garrison produced another unusual "witness" at the hearing, a 27-year-old Negro drug addict. Vernon Bundy said that while sitting on the lakefront one morning waiting to "pop" a cap of heroin he looked up and saw Oswald being handed a wad of money by Shaw. Bundy admitted he had a four-cap-a-day habit at that time and had been on drugs since the age of 13. One defense attorney asked Bundy how he could support such a demanding heroin habit when the cost would be nearly twice his salary each week. "I steal sometimes," Bundy replied.

UPI

Shaw: A price for vulnerability

After the three judges on the hearing panel agreed that the Russo and Bundy testimony was enough "evidence" to bind Shaw over for trial, one judge told a friend at the racetrack that although Garrison really didn't have enough to bind the defendant over, he and his fellow judges had been fascinated by how well Russo stuck to his story for two days. Many hypnotists probably were not so impressed.

Garrison did not stop with Russo and Bundy. His men tried to get another "witness" to shore up his conspiracy charge. In fact, they tried about $3,000 worth.

Less than a week before Shaw's pretrial hearing, two investigators from Garrison's office visited an unemployed young man named Alvin Beaubouef at his New Orleans home. They told the 21-year-old they had "influence" and could help Beaubouef get a job with an airline if only he would help them substantiate the alleged plot. Beaubouef told them he couldn't do anything without talking to his attorney. They made a date for 2:30 the next afternoon at the lawyer's office.

'Just Like That': One of the two investigators, Lynn Loisel, a New Orleans policeman assigned to Garrison's office, showed up. What had Loisel told Beaubouef the night before, the attorney asked? "I told him we had liberal expense money," Loisel replied. "And I said the boss is in a position to put him in a job, also that he would make a hero out of him, instead of a villain, you understand . . . I mean we can change the story around, you know, to positively, beyond a shadow of a doubt . . . You know, eliminate him, you know, into any kind of a conspiracy or what have you." The attorney wanted to know more about the offer of money. Loisel answered: "I would venture to say . . . Well, I'm, you know . . . fairly certain we could put $3,000 on him." He snapped his fingers. "Just like that, you know."

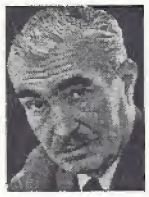
Loisel was asked about the promise of a job. "I don't know," the burly cop said. "I'm sure he would have to go up through the ranks, you know. The first year or two he might stay in a room in the back with the charts or something . . . I don't know. Then he advances a little farther. Then he's a co-pilot . . . Then he's a pilot." Beaubouef's lawyer asked if this was Garrison's idea, if "the boss" meant Jim Garrison? Loisel replied that it did.

Then Loisel laid out the "conspiracy plot" to which Beaubouef presumably would testify. He discussed "cross fire" and escape routes. As Loisel "recalled" it, Ferrie and Shaw had been arguing in the apartment—or maybe it had been Oswald and Shaw—the investigator couldn't quite recall for sure. Loisel added: "Clay Shaw wanted some of his methods used, or his thoughts, you know, used. But anyway, that's what we have in mind—along that line."

Suggestion: "Was Al at the meeting?" the attorney asked. Loisel said: "No, Al wasn't at the meeting." But Loisel suggested that Dave Ferrie had told Beaubouef all about it. The attorney then asked how they would explain Beaubouef's failure to come forward prior to this. "I'll tell you how we go about that problem," said Loisel. "Well, Dave Ferrie, bless his soul, is gone. Al was scared of Dave. Al has a family, you know. When Al first met Dave, he was a single man. Al has a family now. Al was threatened by Dave, you know, to never divulge this. Al or his family would be taken care of. You understand. Now that poor Dave is gone, Al has voluntarily come forth and told of his knowledge. I mean there's 99,999 ways we can skin that cat, you know. I mean, it's something, you know

WASHINGTON

POLITICAL HORRORS



BY KENNETH CRAWFORD

Not the least of the horrors of the Vietnamese war is what it is doing to American politics. Both critics and defenders of the war are hypocritical. Both talk about negotiation knowing that there is no basis for negotiation now and probably won't be in the immediate future. This is because the U.S. and its allies are unwilling to cede South Vietnam to the Communists and the Communists are unwilling to settle for less.

What the higher flying doves really want is withdrawal, regardless of consequences, but they don't dare say so. What the more ferocious hawks want is true victory, regardless of the risks incurred, but few of them dare say so, either. The result is debate conducted in a kind of double-talk.

The doves pretend that Johnson and Rusk could make an acceptable peace if they only wanted to, knowing that this isn't so. Administration officials, for their part, keep talking about their persistent efforts to negotiate, implying that they still hug some hope of early success, knowing that they don't. The doves take out their frustrations on the President. The more genteel question his courage to make peace. The less genteel call him "murderer." When he rises in his own defense he is accused of suppressing free dissent.

LOGIC A CASUALTY

Since the war is central to the politics of 1967—and threatens to remain so through 1968—serious political dialogue makes only slightly more sense than the demonstrations of student mobs. Decent regard for fact, logic and the amenities of argument are already war casualties. Examples turn up almost everywhere.

Item: An American woman writer, in an article for the Manchester Guardian Weekly, says: "The same Americans who detest and protest the war in Vietnam are staunch partisans of the war on poverty. A true hawk sees no need to waste money on the poor, to pamper the lazy thieving lot . . ." Senator Fulbright, the leading dove, is a zealous champion of the poor? The lady engages in comic-strip demonology, like Little Orphan Annie.

Item: A book-promoting novelist, appearing on a Boston TV program, deplores Sen. Robert Kennedy and all who, like Kennedy, merely advocate a cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam. The novelist's own solution? Withdraw into urban redoubts. This is a thoroughly discredited proposal, even though recently revived by Senator McGovern. As strategists clearly see, the redoubts would soon be invested, brought under fire by the long-range mortars the Communists now have, and the whole countryside would be left at the mercy of the Viet Cong.

Item: A distinguished commentator on foreign affairs feels that the trouble with foreign relations generally is that policies are made by politicians. They should be made, instead, by "wise and disinterested" citizens of the world. Commentators? Foreign policy associations? Foreign affairs are too arcane to be devised as well as executed by elected officials?

ZHUKOV'S THREAT

Item: A respected columnist reports that a prominent Russian, apparently Yuri Zhukov, the political commentator for Pravda, reiterated on a recent U.S. visit that the Russians would arrange for peace negotiations if the bombing of North Vietnam were stopped. In Washington, Zhukov made no such promise. Indeed, he was so threatening in his talk about Vietnam that he came close to restoring the kind of chill in Soviet-U.S. relations that followed the 1961 Kennedy-Khrushchev talks in Vienna.

Item: The staff of the Senate GOP Policy Committee manages to publish a "working paper" questioning whether the U.S. has a valid self-interest in Vietnam, thus atomizing the considered party position of bipartisan responsibility in support of the President's war policies, the posture best calculated to be profitable in 1968. If the war by that time were won, the GOP could share the credit. If the war were stalemated, the party could say: "They have failed through no fault of ours; now let us try."

Item: Senator Aiken, the venerable Vermonter, says the Johnson Administration can't "see the interest of the nation except in terms of its own survival" and so can never make peace in Vietnam. This is so cheap an assumption that it can be made about almost anyone, including Aiken, who doubtless wants to be re-elected.

. . . That's his patriotic duty . . . He's placing his family, you know, at the mercy of the D.A.'s office because he must clear his conscience . . . and as an upstanding citizen."

'Check Back': Beaubouef told Loisel that he really knew nothing about any plot concerning Ferrie or the assassination. But he offered to take the "truth serum," hypnotism, polygraph tests, anything. He had one question. Would they still give him the job if he turned out to be of no help to them? Loisel said: "I'll have to check back with the boss."

When the D.A.'s men learned that the meeting in the attorney's office had been recorded on tape, Loisel and a colleague returned to threaten Beaubouef. He was told if he got in the way he would be shot. Then they hauled him down to the courthouse and made him sign a statement that said, in effect, that he didn't consider the offer of $3,000 and a job as a bribe. They told him bluntly that they had "enough on him" to ruin him. Today, with a wife, an 11-month-old son and a job, Beaubouef is as worried about the existence of some pictures the D.A. holds over his head as he is about physical harm.

So it goes in New Orleans, where several sit on the hot seat while Garrison thrashes around for "evidence" to implicate them and keep himself in the headlines. In the latest wrinkle last week the district attorney brought into his investigation two men named Oswald (Julius J. and William S.) whose only connection with the assassination seemed to be that they worked at a New Orleans coffee company that once employed Lee Harvey Oswald.

Composite Conspirator: In the beginning, Garrison theorized that Lee Harvey was an anti-Castro agent whose original mission was to kill the Cuban dictator. When Oswald could not get to Cuba, the D.A. charged, the plot "turned around" and the plotters (angered over the Bay of Pigs fiasco) set up Oswald in the Kennedy killing. But Garrison's theory has undergone so many permutations that his composite conspirator now would probably be equal parts Oswald, homosexual, right-wing extremist, FBI agent, Cosa Nostra hood, CIA operative and Russian double agent.

There is still some feeling in New Orleans that Big Jim must have something. But now that the facts of the real "conspiracy" are beginning to emerge there, Garrison seems to be losing his confidence. He is having trouble sleeping, and he says that a hired "torpedo" from Havana is stalking him.

The real question in New Orleans is no longer whether Garrison has "solved" the assassination. The question is how long the people of the city and the nation's press will allow this travesty of justice to continue.